

SILENT



WORKER.

VOL. VI.

TRENTON, N. J., APRIL, 1894.

NO. 8

WRITTEN FOR THE SILENT WORKER.

ISAAC LEWIS PEET, LL.D.

The Emeritus Principal of The New York Institution for the Instruction of The Deaf and Dumb—A Few Words Concerning His Accomplished Wife.

No hearing person has ever been more closely, more conspicuously or for a longer time identified with the interests of the deaf than has the honored Principal Emeritus of the New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, whose name heads this article. In fact he became at his very birth, on the 4th of December, 1824, a member of the household of the American Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb at Hartford, Conn., of which his father, the late Dr. Harvey P. Peet, was at the time the steward and also a teacher. Deaf children were his playmates in boyhood, his whole life-work has been in close association with the deaf and for their benefit, and in the most intimate of human relations he has had the companionship of a beautiful and gifted woman whose deafness has been a bond of sympathy rather than a barrier between them. His father sprung from that sturdy old stock, than which there is none more strong in muscle, in will and in "saving common sense," the stock which produced Daniel Webster, John G. Whittier, and a host of other eminent men—the farmers of New England. On his mother's side Dr. Peet comes from a line of "staunch and sound divines," who handed down from father to son the name and title of the Reverend Isaac Lewis, D.D. The particular Rev. Isaac Lewis, D.D., for whom Dr. Peet prefers to consider that he is named, was his great grandfather, who was a chaplain in the war of the Revolution. Following the example of his father and of a long line of his maternal ancestors, Dr. Peet took the regular course at Yale College, graduating in the class of 1845, at the age of twenty, with a rank which entitled him to membership in the Phi Beta Kappa Society. On leaving college he was appointed a professor in the New York Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, of which his father was then Principal, and while teaching there, pursued the study of theology in the Union Theological Seminary, from which he was duly graduated. He was never ordained, however, as he did not wish to teach the deaf children under his charge as a Presbyterian clergyman, but merely as a Christian man.

In 1841, he accompanied his father in a six months' tour of the European schools for the deaf. During this visit the father and son not only learned by observation what were the best methods and results in use and obtained abroad, but enriched the library of the Institution by many rare and valuable books on the subject of the deaf and dumb. In 1852, a High Class, composed of the brightest

control, became a real Normal School for institutions for the deaf. We could give a long list of its graduates who have been and many of whom still are highly successful teachers in different institutions, from New York to Kansas and Dakota.

The direction in which Dr. Peet's teaching was most successful, as it seems to us, was in cultivating a love for good literature and the power of

nized as one of the leading minds among those engaged in the education of the deaf. While the instructor of the High Class, he prepared for its use a Monograph of Decimal Fractions and a Manual of Inorganic Chemistry. About the year 1870, he published his "Language Lessons for the Deaf and Dumb," a work which marked a decided advance in primary teaching over the methods previously in use.

The annual Reports of the New York Institution during the term of his Principalship contain, besides the facts of local and temporary interest, very much that is of permanent value, including discussions of every phase of deaf-mute education and of institution life and work. In the pages of the Americans Annals of the Deaf also may be found many papers contributed by him on subjects germane to his profession, and he has contributed from time to time articles of similar nature, to various periodicals.

In 1886, his inaugural address as President of the Medico-Legal Society of New York, on "The Psychical Status and Criminal Responsibility of the Uneducated Deaf and Dumb," attracted much attention among teachers of the deaf, lawyers and physicians.

In recognition of his services, Dr. Peet has been honored with membership and office in many associations more or less closely connected with his life-work.

For many years he has been a member of the Executive Committee of the American Instructors of the Deaf, under which has been published the "American Annals," now in its thirty-ninth volume. Although a Presbyterian, he has long been a member of the Church Mission for Deaf-Mutes and of the Executive Committee in charge of the Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf-Mutes, which charity he has aided by voice and pen, raising a very considerable sum toward its building fund by his efforts.

In 1880, he attended the World's Convention of Instructors of the Deaf at Milan, Italy, and was made Vice-President, thus representing the English-speaking members of the convention. In 1892 he was elected President of the Conference of Principals of American Schools for the Deaf.

In 1872, he received from Columbia College the degree of LL.D.

He has attended ten out of twelve Conventions of the American Instructors of the Deaf and Dumb held between 1850 and 1893. In 1883, in company with Mrs. Peet, he attended



ISAAC LEWIS PEET, LL.D.

pupils who had completed the regular course of study and who were allowed three additional years for further education, was formed at the New York Institution and Dr. Peet was made its instructor, and also the Vice-Principal of the Institution. For fifteen years he continued in this position and at no period of his life, perhaps, did he find more congenial or more useful work. His characteristics as a teacher and the peculiarly strong influence he exerted on the minds and the affections of his pupils have been very well described in a former number of the SILENT WORKER by one who enjoyed the advantage of his instruction through the High Class course.

The High Class, under Dr. Peet's

literary expression. At the same time, the training given was so fitted to the natural bent of the mind in each case that graduates of this class were enabled to succeed in such different callings as that of book-keeper, clerk, civil engineer, chemist, electrician, inventor and others.

In 1867, his father retired from active duty and was made Emeritus Principal, and Dr. Peet succeeded him in the conduct of the school, remaining in the position of Principal until January 1st, 1893, when he, in turn, became Emeritus Principal and was succeeded in the active Principalship by Prof. E. H. Currier who had been trained by him and for a long time had been his chief assistant. Dr. Peet has been for forty years recog-

the World's Convention in Brussels. He was the first President of the Washington Heights Century Club, an organization with patriotic and social aims, whose celebrations of our national holidays have been among the most successful attempts in that line in New York.

As a public speaker Dr. Peet is fluent and happy in expression. He naturally prefers to use his mother-tongue, but at the meetings of European teachers he has gained a reputation by his after-dinner speeches in French. In the use of the sign-language he is, in our judgment, without an equal—certainly he has no superior. Picturesque description, rapid narration, appeals to the emotions are given with a force and beauty which can not be excelled.

In 1854, Dr. Peet married Miss Mary Toles, a young lady who had been under his instruction in the High Class, and of whom we give a sketch elsewhere. They have three children living, of whom the eldest, Mr. Walter B. Peet, is a recognized authority on athletics. Mr. George H. Peet is a graduate of the Columbia Law School and one of the assistant editors of the *New York Mail and Express*.

As regards methods of instruction, Dr. Peet is a strong advocate of the use of the sign-language, holding that the sign is to the deaf person what the sound of the spoken word is to the hearing person.

It has been his practice to require the pupils to make responsive signs for every word written or spelled on the fingers in their presence and when they come to a word which they do not know, to have the teacher enter into a full explanation of it by means of signs, actions, illustrations and objects, with the view of impressing indelibly upon the mind the meaning of the word in all its usual relations.

Every thing communicated in this way, the pupils are required to write out afterward. He has also adopted the plan of having every pupil taught articulation and speech reading, using in this connection the "Visible Speech" symbols of Prof. A. Melville Bell, by which the positions of the vocal organs in uttering different sounds are represented to the eye. In reciting a lesson which has been committed to memory, Dr. Peet recommends that the pupil (1) spell on the fingers, (2) write it, (3) make signs for it, (4) speak it. In this way, he holds, is produced the true "Combined System" which embodies the best features of both oral and manual teaching.

In Dr. Peet's retirement from active duty he has the solace of "honor, love, obedience, troops of friends," while a handsome annuity settled upon him by the Board of Directors, in recognition of his long and useful

services, relieves him from anxiety on pecuniary grounds.

MRS. ISAAC LEWIS PEET.

Mary Toles Peet was born in Pennsylvania, but her parents moved to Chautauqua County, New York, while she was a child. At the age of twelve she lost her hearing through a severe illness, and soon after her



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MARY T. PEET.

recovery was sent to the New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb where she remained for about five years, graduating with the highest honors in 1853.

Her teacher in the more advanced studies was Isaac Lewis Peet, to whom she was married June 27th, 1854. She has always been passionately fond of the best literature, especially of poetry, and has written many occasional poems of much force and beauty. Unfortunately, she has placed too slight a value on these productions, and has not taken even the trouble of preserving them. Consequently, many of the best of these pieces have been lost. We print in another column a little poem expressing, with much feeling, the soothing effect of communion with Nature.

In the earlier part of her life in New York she mingled much in literary and artistic society, enjoying the friendship of many of the most brilliant men and women of the time. Of late years she has been somewhat of an invalid and has been obliged to substitute communion with the great authors of all time through their works for the amenities of social intercourse with living writers. Her greatest enjoyment in life, however, now as always, is the discharge of the duties of an affectionate wife and mother.

Supt. Gillespie has gone off for a month or so, on leave of absence from the Governor. He is not out of health, but is very much worn out and a change will rest him. He has gone to the Pacific Coast. Will go north from San Francisco. Will perhaps visit several schools for the deaf, during his brief visit. We hope he will have a pleasant time, and come home much better for his recreation. *Nebraska Journal*.

A DEAF AND DUMB BRIDE.

How little our English girls really know of all the sorrows of their little Chinese sisters! Mrs. Moule sends us an account of an orphan Chinese girl, called Hyang-Kyush, whose little life began very sadly, for she was born deaf and dumb.

When she was quite a tiny child her adopted father betrothed her to a little boy, son of a Christian man in a neighbouring village, and she was taken away to the home of her new relations. But it was soon found out that she was deaf and dumb, and so she was sent back, and the friends of her bridegroom said that the dowry they had paid for her must be returned.

Then a great quarrel arose, and the poor little bride was sent backwards and forwards from one to the other, and no one seemed to think much of her comfort or safety. But at last Mr. Elwin, one of our missionaries, heard about it, and was very sorry for the little girl, and settled the matter with the relations. And then he asked Mrs. Moule if she would take the neglected little bride and look after her. Mrs. Moule was very glad to be a friend to her, and soon after the Girls' Boarding-school was opened at Hang-chow, and little Hyang Kyush was placed there.

How old do you think she was when she entered the school? She was only seven years old. Although she had had so many troubles, she was a healthy, active little girl, but rather mischievous, and very fond, like a great many boys and girls in England, of playing with fire!

However, as she grew older she became more gentle and more easy to manage, and she also began to give up her naughty habits. She learned to sew and do some household work, and to be useful in all sorts of ways. But, better than this, she learnt to write, and used to write out of a book which some of you have read—*Line upon Line*—and as she wrote she seemed to understand and think about it.

But you must remember she was both deaf and dumb, and so it was very difficult to teach her, as she could only understand by signs. But she used to watch what the other girls did, and used to kneel down with them at prayers night and morning.

One thing that seemed to interest her more than anything else was to watch the baptisms, and one day she asked the School matron to let her be baptised. The matron told Mrs. Moule that she was sure the little girl understood something about God, and knew that it was right to worship Him, and wrong to serve idols, and that she seemed to be trying to please God by being obedient and truthful. So Mrs. Moule began to try and find out what the little girl really thought.

How do you think she did this? Well, they had "talks" on a slate! Mrs. Moule would ask some questions, and Hyang-Kyush would answer back again on the slate. And her answers showed that she was really anxious to serve the Lord Jesus, and so Bishop Moule consented to baptise her.

Of course she could not speak for herself, but the matron was able to answer the usual solemn questions very happily when the day came for her baptism. The little girl looked very thoughtful during the service, and pleased and happy afterwards, and we hope that day will be the beginning of a very useful, happy life to her. But you know it is a very lonely thing to be deaf and dumb, even though she is surrounded with kind friends. So will you, boys and girls, pray for Hyang-Kyush, that the Lord Jesus may be very near to her and comfort her, and that she may hear His voice, and that she may continue His "faithful soldier and servant unto her life's end?"—*The Children's World*.

NATURE'S RESPONSES.

As some poor wretch within a prison cell
Faint, weary, lonely, longing for release,
Hears close beside him but beyond his reach
Soft sighs of love, and murmured songs
Of peace,
And knows that nevermore to him may come
The tender solace of familiar words,
Yet in his dreams goes out to shadowy glades
Where wild flowers blossom, and the song of birds
Makes tremulous the scented summer air,
And Nature gives him loving respite there;
So I, imprisoned by the silence here
That holds me in its bonds more strong
Than steel,
Yet know that close around me lies a world
Of wondrous music, which I only feel,
And long for place within that joyous realm
Where flow of wit and song makes glad the hours,
And tones are heard whose cadences may give
The simplest word such strange unfathom-
ed powers,
Sink down, despairing, upon Nature's breast
And find in her strong arms a soothing rest.

MARY T. PEET.

Boys, you are deaf, but that is only a small thing. That does not keep you from being successful men. You can hear so much with your eyes; you can hear so much with your thoughts. You are so fortunate in your advantages, in your friends, in your ways of getting knowledge. You have escaped so many vices of hearing young men, and so many of their wicked ways. You are much happier than boys usually are, who are not deaf. Be ready and willing to work all the harder, for success, in spite of your deafness. Get all the knowledge you can and you'll soon be ready to show the world that you are not one whit behind other young men in earning a living, and an honorable name in the world.—*Nebraska Journal*.

RECKLESS BICYCLISTS.

There is a familiar fable which tells of a forlorn camel which came to a poor man's house one cold night and asked to be allowed only to put his nose inside to warm it. Having gained so much it did not take him long to crowd the poor man out of his own home.

It was not so long ago that the bicyclists were in like manner begging piteously to be allowed only to use the street under any necessary restrictions as to speed, and were complaining of their persecution at the hands of unscrupulous horsemen.

Since it has become evident that the bicycle has come to stay and the riders have become confident in the strength of numbers, they, or some of them, have become arrogant and act as if the whole road, not to say the earth, belonged to them.

Not long ago a well known citizen, of Trenton, while crossing the street, was run down and seriously injured by a bicycle rider, who did not even deign to stop and say he was sorry. A few days after that occurrence, we saw, on the same street, a youth riding on the sidewalk run plump into a group of school girls, knocking two of them down as neatly as Corbett could have done it with his fists.

In this case, the rider being young and comparatively modest, and the victims being pretty young maids, the offender did stop and say something—we suppose in the way of apology.

There might be more stringent laws to apply in such cases as these, and the injured parties ought to take the pains to set the law in motion against the offenders. Cycling is a healthful and delightful recreation, but it ought to be pursued without the risk of life and limb to any one, unless to the rider himself.

A DESCRIPTION

of so important a work as The Century Dictionary is interesting reading itself. The publishers have prepared such a description in the form of a large handsomely printed pamphlet, containing also a number of full-sized specimen pages of the dictionary, illustrated with many beautiful engravings. This pamphlet contains definitions of such words as "bridge," with ten pictures of various kinds of bridges, as cantilever, truss, suspension, etc., and definitions of many more; "electric," with pictures of an incandescent lamp, dynamo, etc., "fever," under which are entered more than 150 fevers with their premonitory symptoms and the change occurring in the progress of the disease. Interesting definitions of "glass," "law," "liturgy," "printing," "sun," etc., are also given in this pamphlet. Even if one does not intend to purchase the dictionary (which can now be had on easy instalments), he will be interested in these specimen pages. Send five two-cent stamps (which just covers cost of pamphlet) to The Century Co., 33 East 17th St., New York, and a copy will be promptly mailed to you.

FIRST DEAF AND DUMB MAN: "Brown is certainly a fortunate fellow."

SECOND DEAF AND DUMB MAN: "Fortunate! Why, he was arrested yesterday for slander."

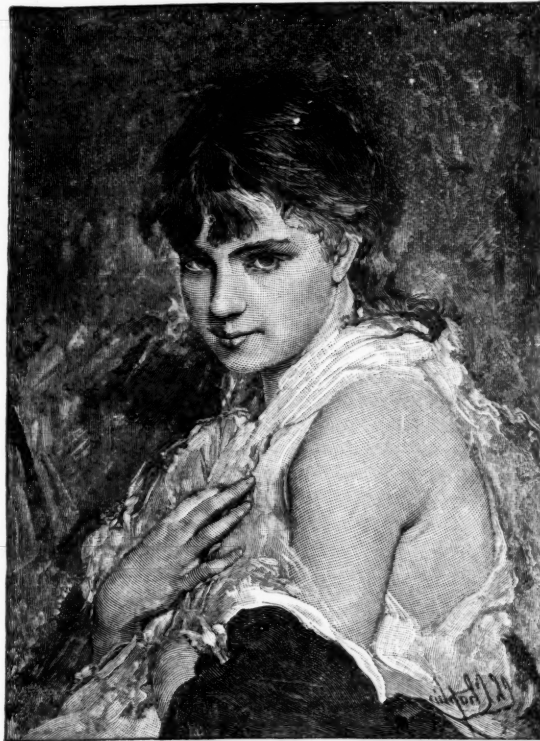
FIRST DEAF AND DUMB MAN: "Yes, but he is going to get his hearing to-morrow."

APRIL.

Spring hangs her infant blossoms on the trees,
Rock'd in the cradle of the western breeze.
—Cowper.

This lovely world, the hills, the sward,
All look as fresh, as if the Lord
But yesterday had finished them.
—Jean Ingelow.

Again the black birds sing; the streams
Wake laughing, from their winter dreams,
And tremble in the April showers,
The tassels of the maple flowers.
—J. G. Whittier.



Engraved by A. M. Blanchard.

'Tis like the birthday of the world,
When earth was born in bloom;
The light is made of many dyes;
The air is all perfume:
There's crimson buds and white and blue;
The very rainbow showers
Have turned to blossoms where they fell,
And sown the earth with flowers.
—Hood.

Now fades the last long streak of snow,
Now burgeons every maze of quick
About the flowering squares, and thick
By ashen roots the violets blow.

Now dance the lights on lawn and lea,
The flocks are whiter down the vale
And milkier every milky sail
On winding stream or distant sea.
—Tennyson.

Can trouble live with April days
Or sadness in the summer noons?

Bring orchis, bring the fox-glove spire,
The little speedwell's darling blue,
Deep tulips dashed with fiery dew,
Laburnums, dropping wells of fire.
—Tennyson.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

Will women vote, and hold office, and do jury duty? It looks quite so, at present. We have always thought that the reason no progress was made by the woman's rights reformers was not so much that their arguments were weak, or that men were unwilling to make the desired changes in the laws as it was that women themselves did not generally care to have these changes made.

For more than a generation the cause of "woman's rights" has been associated with "long haired men and short-haired women," with Bloomer skirts and oddities of all kinds in dress and manners. Of late, however, fashionable women, the feminine part of the Four Hundred, have taken up the movement and are circulating petitions and are holding meetings to secure the removal of the word "male" from the statute book, so that women will have every legal right that man has.

If this is more than a passing fad and if the useful as well as the merely ornamental women of the country fall in with the movement, it is safe to say that it will succeed with very little opposition.

It is not often noticed that if the sexes are placed on an absolute equality before the law, married women at least have some privileges to renounce as well as some to acquire.

In some of the states we know a married woman has many rights of property which place her at a decided advantage as compared with her husband.

But we do not anticipate any very dreadful results from any legislation affecting the relative status of the sexes. We have a notion that the first and the most enduring laws on this subject were enacted by a higher Power than our legislatures, and that they are quite beyond the reach of man-made statutes.

APRIL.

From the dreamwide sunlit meadow,
Where the earth lies brown and bare,
Comes a whispering of April
Through the magic haunted air.

From their cradles deep and narrow
Baby buds begin to peep:
Raising eyes of startled wonder
Wakened from their dreamless sleep.

In the forest, dark and silent,
Comes a murmur low and sweet;
'Tis the song of countless flowers
Springing up beneath our feet.

Buttercup and star-eyed daisy,
Purple lidded violet,
Meadow queen and cowslip yellow,
Faintly scented mignonette.

Ye are glad with earth's rejoicing
Heralds of the summer-queen;
Ye have caught the dewdrop's glory
And the earthland's golden sheen.
—Selected.

When daisies pied, and violets blue,
And lady-smocks all silver white,
And cuckoo buds of yellow hue
Do paint the meadows with delight.
—Shakspeare.

Written for THE SILENT WORKER.

SKETCHES SOUTH AND WEST.

Along The Missouri Pacific Ry.

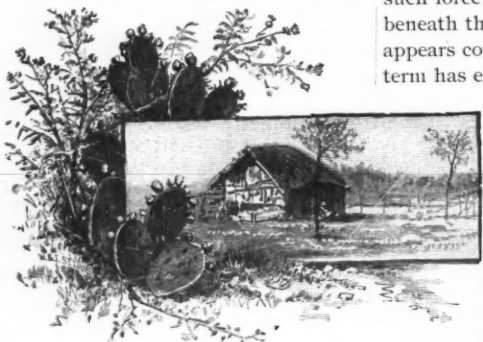
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By G. H. QUACKENBOS.

(Illustrated.)

CHAPTER III.

Joe, who had fired the shot I heard, had killed his deer, neatly dropping it in its tracks. After having cached



the game above the reach of wolves, we saddled up and a couple of hours' ride brought us to Moore's ranch, where we breakfasted, and after a nap went out upon the veranda to smoke and enjoy the scenery unrolled before us. The day had dawned clear and fresh and ripened into one of those indescribable tropical noons that we, who have lived here, know so well. The morning airs that had barely rustled the tasseled moss upon the outmost branches had died even upon the hill tops, not a breath stirred; the sage-brush hung its limp, gray leaves drooping upon the plains that quivered beneath the fiery ball tottering past the zenith of a coppery sky, all was hush and silence; the forests that stretched far away to the northward were as silent as a painted landscape; there was a feeling in the very air as of dwelling alone upon a planet utterly bereft of life, where all the very air was dead. The great herds of cattle that had roamed the hillsides in the freshness of morning long since with lolling tongues and panting sides



A CREOLE MANSION.

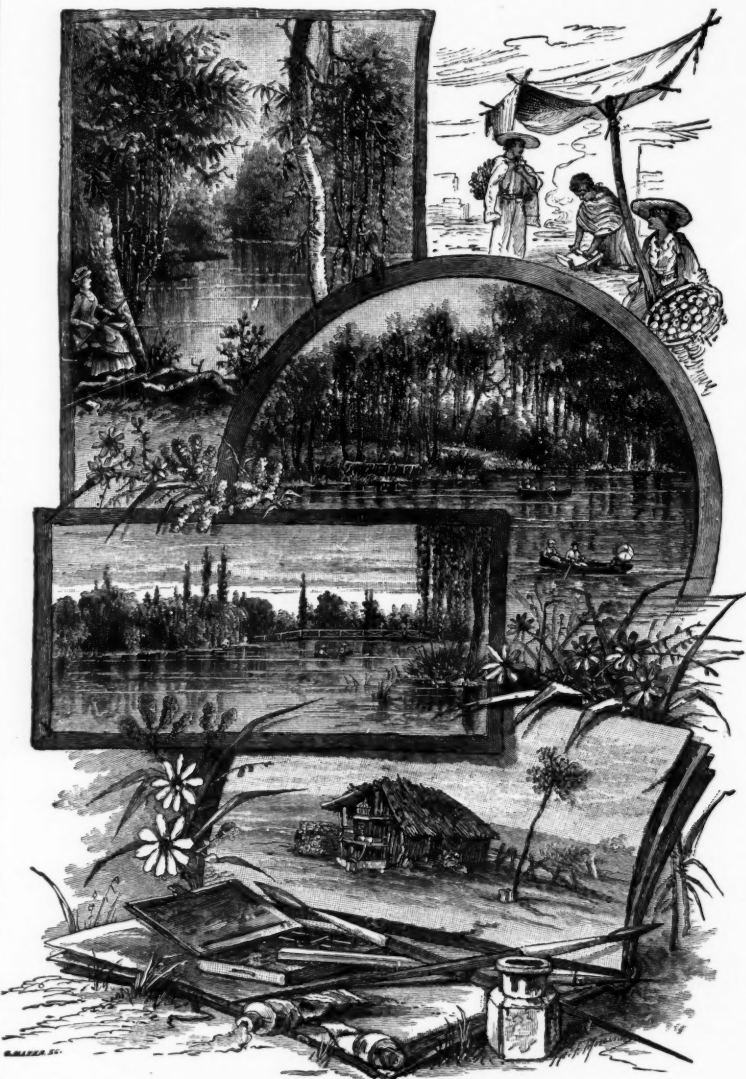
had sought the friendly shelter of the wooded glens, or stood neck-deep in those spring-created pools, which stare up at the sky through lashes of green foliage that scarcely screen them from the gazer's eye. There is something fitting in the Mexican name of *Ojos* (eyes) by which these everlasting pools are called. The torrid heat may lap up the running brooks and drain the rivers to a silver thread, but these pools remain, often fed with such force from subterranean springs beneath their centres, that the water appears convex there and the Mexican term has even more significance.

These are the usual siesta hours and when the shadow dials of the hills have lengthened eastward the scenes of the morning return. When that cool breeze of evening, that delicious wind that so surely follows after the hot day, creeps up from the Gulf, laden with the breath of a myriad closing flowers, even with the first stirring of its topmost leaves, the forest thrills once more with ecstasies of warbled songs and throbs again amid the rush of palpitating wings.

Our horses are soon saddled and we start away. Moore's oldest boy follows us with the team and his five stag-hounds follow him, and we are soon within half a mile of the scenes of the morning. As we entered the gulch leading to the lake the hounds struck a trail that must have crossed our own early morning trip, and as it did not lead to the lake, we knew it could not have been caused by the deer we shot and we concluded it to be a new and hot scent. Telling young Moore to return to his ranch with our deer, we started in pursuit, the hounds leading us straight away for at least five miles, then doubling in a zig-zag race, in a way that deprived us of all idea of the points of the compass, and again speeding away in an unknown direction. Joe suggested that no deer would work the hounds like this, doubling in such a manner; besides, although the changing clamor of the hounds, showed from time to time, that the creature, whatever it might prove to be, had been closely pressed and brought to bay, yet it did not go toward the water,—"No, clearly it is no deer," I replied, "wild hogs squeal; the savage peccaries will not run from a dog, nor from anything else for that matter, including a steam locomotive; a grizzly would have remained at bay much longer and would make much more

fuss, we have heard absolutely nothing but the dogs." But wait, ahead of us is a small swamp; we reach this and dismount, there are the footprints stamped in the damp earth. "A panther," shouts Joe, as he springs in the saddle and dashes ahead, or a leopard (as the jaguar is here called) I conclude, having taken more time to notice the distance between the tracks, showing the great leaps of the brute. We were beside Joe in a moment and in full pursuit, doubly excited at the prospects of such royal game. Again the dogs had turned and the chorus was approaching, remained stationary

my eye.—What a picture it was! There, stretched full length upon the inclining trunk, was a male jaguar, his beautifully mottled coat contrasting with the white trunk beneath him, and profiled against the green foliage beyond. I would gladly have given my rifle for a "Kodak" at this moment. By the way, I am not caught afield nowadays without the superb little Kodak, which would have given the reader a faithful reproduction of this moment, better than pen can write it, in fact, to-day the Kodak has become as indispensable as the rifle to the sportsman, who would rehearse



CORNERS OF SAN ANTONIO, TEX. (Iron Mountain Route.)

a few moments and again started toward the swamp; nearer, nearer, then swerving to the right, it came on, we deployed in front, but once more it stopped. My two comrades were separated from me now, but presuming they would do the same, I dismounted and hurried forward, coming up to where three of the dogs barked around the foot of a huge sycamore. I approached within twenty yards, but for some moments could see nothing, then I heard my companions nearing the tree from the other side, at the same moment a slight movement just above the lowest limb caught

the stories of the chase and bring such scenes of pleasure home with him. As my comrades approached closer, turning its head from me, the creature began to back slowly down the tree. Raising my rifle, I fired—with a half-scared, half-savage scream, he sprang to the ground, and leaping clear over the dogs amid a fusillade from my comrades, was lost again in the marsh. After some vain searching, in which the dogs refused to help us, we went back in search of the two missing hounds, but found no trace of them. It being now too late to return to Moore's



THE POOLS OF THE FOREST. (Iron Mountain Route.)

ranch, we followed down the swamp to find water for our horses and about dark we reached Wallace Lake, and here for the first time I met the old scout whose lonely camp upon its western shore has given the lake its name.

Wallace is known and loved all over Texas by the pseudonym of "Big Foot," a name given to him by the Indians who knew him by his footprints, the left foot being much larger than its fellow.

As a faithful scout, knowing every inch of ground in that vast territory, Wallace was of invaluable service in the struggle of Texas for her independence from Mexico, and later he served with equal distinction during our own war with Mexico following upon the former war; he was captured by Santa Anna, condemned to be shot, but with characteristic cruelty this Mexican commander determined first to carry him to Mexican soil, so with hands and feet black from the tightness of the cords that bound them he was strapped upon an army caisson and without a drop of water, exposed beneath a torrid sun he was carted to Mexico, but he was not alone as he supposed, for there was one who followed him across the

borders, who succeeded in bribing the Mexican guard to set him at liberty and he was soon back again in the American lines. I may add that in our war that followed, Wallace was an officer in the very regiment that captured Santa Anna.

I have spent many a pleasant night at the old scout's camp-fire entertained by incidents of his life-history. The story of his life has been written, but the book is out of print now and I have never been able to obtain a copy.

There is one thing that "Big foot" had never learned to do, he had never learned to tie a horse; at night he would fasten the lariat to a diminutive

bush or weed and then spend days in following the trail of that rope and bush which the horse had pulled up and taken with him. I remember many such a day spent with "Big Foot" trailing his horses which the jaguars had stampeded the night before.

It was early in 1884, when I last saw Wallace; it was by this same desolate lake, far from a single habitation. Disdaining even a tent, although nearing his 90th year he preferred to sleep in his wagon under its canvas cover, refusing the frequent appeals of ranchmen urging him to share their homes with them. But Wallace was as eccentric as he was remarkable and preferred to die as he had lived, far away from any human help—thus he had lived and thus he has doubtless died ere this.

I do not know the circumstances of the old man's death, but a picture will rise up before me of a rickety wagon, a lonely lake, the gray wolves sniffing round and round and snarling at the wheeling shadow of a great flapping buzzard overhead, perhaps a crow or two flitting from limb to limb till one growing bolder than his fellows alights upon the vacant seat in front and pausing a moment, disappears within. [To be continued.]



SUNRISE ON THE PRAIRIE. (Iron Mountain Route.)

A DEAF-MUTE IN ZULULAND.

Turning over the pages of a recent number of *Pearson's Weekly*, I came across the following interesting paragraph. Many readers have also sent me the same article which they have clipped from the paper named:—

A unique feat has recently been accomplished by Mr. E. Ruff, gentleman who is almost dumb as well as stone deaf. Some years ago he went out unaccompanied and knowing nothing of the language of the country, to try and do business as an English trader in Zululand; his efforts succeeded so well that for five years he, a man unable to hear or speak, has been traveling up and down Africa selling his goods to the savages on his own account. A representative of *Pearson's Weekly* had an interview the other day with this gentleman, who was kind enough to give the following information:

"During the whole time I was among the Zulus, the fact of my being unable to hear so completely mystified the natives, that they believed that I was under the influence of witchcraft. Indeed, in some parts I was regarded as a sort of God, which may partly account for my success as a trader in Zululand. I dealt chiefly in animals and blankets, carrying on communication by means of signs, at which the Zulus are extremely clever.

"If I wanted a cow, I just put up my hands in the shape of horns, and my servant would at once fetch me one; if I wanted milk, I put my hands together and made a sign for milking a cow. I employed a dozen Zulus, each of whom carried from forty to eighty pounds of blankets on his head from place to place. These men are willing to work for several months in return for a cow. Seventy-five pounds worth of blankets usually brought me from £500 to £600 worth of cattle.

"An amusing difficulty I had to contend against was the enormous appetite of my men, whose stomachs would swell visibly after a meal. I remember six of them once got hold of an ox, and they absolutely declined to leave it until they had eaten it taking snatches of sleep whenever they felt uncomfortably full. The Zulus prefer rotten to fresh meat. By the way, the Zulu's wife just now is worth ten cows.

"Do what I would, none of my servants would go out alone at night. In Zululand, a superstition is rife that a ghost stalks abroad after dark, demanding a pinch of snuff from whomsoever he meets. In the act of receiving the sum the personage is said to cleave the giver almost in two. Taking him altogether, the savage Zulu is a very intelligent fellow, much more so than King Lobengula's subjects, a branch of the Zulus, who are so proud that whenever a stranger is in the district they leave off work for fear they should be observed."—*British Deaf-Mute.*

Written for the SILENT WORKER.

ZURICH, SWITZERLAND.

A Visit to The School for The Deaf.

Our correspondent writes of a pleasant little visit to the school in Zurich, a very old one by the way, having been founded in 1817. Taking an introduction kindly furnished by Mr. Hitz of the Volta Bureau, she went with friends and was very pleasantly received. On the entrance of the visitors all the children rose and remained standing a few moments. This school follows the pure oral method and the greater part of the eight year course is given to lip-reading and speech teaching. The pupils were asked to talk to the visitors, which they did in German, and were understood without any difficulty. Our friend was then introduced to them as a young lady from America and was regarded with great curiosity, for America is very far away, indeed, to these untravelled Swiss. The situation of the school is pleasant and healthy, and the building very neat, but furnished plainly. Only the poorer ones live inside and are supported by the State, while the well-to-do come as day scholars and the rich employ private teachers. The dormitories had, for each pupil, a bed, a chair, a stand and, in the middle, a circular washstand with a bowl apiece. Speaking of the difficulties in teaching the deaf-mute to speak, the instructor said he thought the German language was easier than the English. We always had an idea that German was a jaw breaking language, but it is a fact that the deaf learn to speak in the Italian and Spanish much quicker than they do when instructed in English. This school had about forty-eight pupils. Two other schools exist in Switzerland. The Director showed the visitors before leaving, pamphlets, papers and reports which he had received through the kindness of the Volta Bureau. They came away much gratified with their brief visit.

I. V. J.

OUR BABY.

She came to us when all the world

Was bright for us with light and joy.

And 'round our hearts she wove a spell

That time or flight can ne'er destroy;

But while we held her, trembling, here,

Our hearts stood still with nameless fear.

By day and night, through every hour

Of summer's heat, and winter's frost.

We watch this precious opening flower,

That not one tenderest leaf be lost:

And now its fragrance sweeter grows.

As health unfolds our fair white rose.

No gold, nor gems, nor place, nor power,

Can ever give to us such bliss,

As thrills our hearts, now that we feel

Returning strength in her soft kiss,

And all our tireless vigils seem

Like the weird phantoms of a dream.

Should darkening clouds o'ershadow us

And earthly light grow faint and dim,

We still could hear through storm and loss

The music of lov'es grateful hymn;

And so we drink, with chastened joy,

The cup whose sweetness cannot cloy.

—Mary Toles Peet.

The Silent Worker,

PUBLISHED EVERY MONTH

AT THE

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THE SILENT WORKER,

TRENTON, N. J.

Entered at the Post Office, at Trenton, as second-class matter.

APRIL, 1894.

We wish to say that the editorial management of the SILENT WORKER is not responsible for views expressed by our correspondents.

We do not propose to allow in our columns anything discourteous or unfair, but we are glad to give space to the expression of intelligent opinions on matters concerning the deaf, even if such opinions differ widely from our own.

Now that Spring has come, Saturday excursions for the children are in order. There is no way in which half a day may be spent with more profit than in a visit to the Zoological Gardens at Fairmount Park, Philadelphia. The location of the gardens is unsurpassed for beauty and is very convenient of access. The collection of animals is very large and interesting. Every arrangement has been made for the convenience and enjoyment of visitors and nowhere can more be learned in a pleasanter way than in a visit to this delightful spot.

THE *Educator* for March presents another in its series of admirable portraits of distinguished educators of the deaf. This time it is President Gallaudet of Washington.

Dr. Bell reviews sharply but courteously the paper by Mr. W. G. Jenkins on the Use of Signs, which attracted so much attention a few months ago. Mr. J. P. Walker has some sensible remarks on the value of exercise. Mr. Harris Tayler contributes an article on Kindergartens for the Deaf. Three series of articles, of first-rate importance, are begun in this number. They are on Arithmetic for Beginners, by Mr. F. W. Booth; on the Production of Sound, by Miss C. A. Yale, and on Geography, by Miss Carolyn D. Wood. We have had the opportunity of seeing the work of each of these well-known instructors in the lines treated of by each respectively, and we know of no more competent

persons to handle these subjects. Whist-players say that there are but two good excuses for not answering the conventional call for trumps—the having no trumps, or sudden illness. The teacher who does not subscribe for the *Educator* needs almost as strong an excuse.

THE *National Exponent* has appeared, as promised. It has among its editors and contributors some of the brightest and best known deaf persons in the country, and it gives much the same kind of news and comment as the *Journal* and the *Register*. It differs from these papers, however, in having no connection with any institution.

This independent position may give it an advantage in speaking for the deaf themselves on certain questions. Unfortunately, as it seems to us, it has taken a position of partisanship on the question of methods of instruction. A paper which, without prejudice for or against any methods, should collect the views and the experience of the adult deaf on this question would do a great service.

It is, perhaps, quite natural to suppose, in the absence of exact information, that the deaf, being a physically defective class, and therefore presumably deficient in stamina, should be shorter lived than the average of the community. The life-insurance companies certainly have acted upon this supposition, and until within a few years they refused altogether to take any risk on the life of a deaf person.

Of late, owing to the intelligent and persistent efforts of some deaf mutes who were interested in the matter, some of the old line insurance companies have consented to write policies on the lives of deaf people, but even these societies charge much higher rates for the deaf than for hearing people. Is there any real basis for this discrimination against the deaf? Are they, or are they not, on the average, as long-lived as other people? We do not know whether there are in existence statistics from which an answer can be drawn for these questions, but from our own observation and acquaintance among the deaf we are inclined to think that their average expectation of life at any given age does not fall below that of hearing people of the same age and similarly circumstanced. Take the more prominent men and women among the deaf. Mr. and Mrs. Laurent Clerc passed the mark of fourscore years in health and vigor. Mr. Brown, of New Hampshire, was active in mind and body at an age when most men who have lived so long find "their strength but labor and sorrow." Mr. Booth, the father of the well-known educator, is now at or near his eightieth year and though not active in body is as clear in mind as ever. The Hartford, New York and Philadelphia schools, after three

quarters of a century of existence, more or less, have each a living member of their first class. Mr. Job Turner, the veteran deaf clergyman performs an account of work and of travel which many a man of half his years would shrink from. John Carlin, the deaf artist and author was a striking figure when past threescore and ten years, his rapidity of movement and his alert bearing being as noticeable as his long snow white hair. On the whole we rather think that, barring their tendency to walk on rail-road tracks, the deaf have about as good a chance to "live long" if not to "prosper" as the rest of us have.

We can recommend for class-room use, as a means to cultivate the ability to read, many of the books in the English Classic Series and in the series of Historical Classic Readings, both of which are published by Effingham, Maynard & Co., New York. Of these books there have been used in classes in this school, within the present term, Church's Story of the Iliad and of the Eneid, the Vicar of Wakefield, Enoch Arden, Legend of Sleepy Hollow, Dr. Brown's Rab and His Friends, Parton's Colonial Pioneers and John Smith's Account of the Settlements of Virginia. The books cost but a trifle, they give a variety of styles in prose and poetry and all good, they bring in most of the idioms of the language and they give the teacher an opportunity to interest his pupils in a great many different subjects. It may sometimes be better to give a class a clear conception of two or three striking figures in history, exciting their interest and awaking the desire to know more about these men and their times, than to set them to learn from a formidable text book the connected history of a country for centuries. Whether this be so or not these little books are certainly good specimens of English literature in such shape that deaf children can get good from them.

THE Michigan Institution has had a hard time this winter with a visitation of scarlet fever. It was thought best not to break up the school, so while the doctors and attendants were fighting the disease, and the executive officers were working to find any possible defect in the sanitary arrangements, the work of the school-rooms and of the shops went on without a break. We are glad to learn that now the school is free from the disease and every thing is in the best possible shape. We congratulate the Trustees of the school and Superintendent Clarke on their successful and courageous work.

We see that some of the papers speak of the Coxey movement as something new under the sun. On the contrary, the collection of "sturdy

and valiant beggars" was a nuisance and a cause of alarm to the constituted authorities and to law-abiding people in England as long ago as the time of Henry VIII., as the language of statutes passed at that time shows very clearly. It is interesting to see how old and exploded theories and vicious modes of action after drifting for centuries on the sea of oblivion are picked up towed into port and refitted as "American," "patriotic" and "popular" novelties.

OBITUARY.

HON. ALEXANDER G. CATTELL, a member of the State Board of Education, died at Jamestown, N. Y., on the 8th of the present month, at the age of 78 years.

He was a man of much ability in various ways, being prominent in business, educational and political affairs. He served a term in the U. S. Senate with credit, from 1866 to 1871, a time when that body was still composed of statesmen and commanded the respect of the country and of the civilized world.

His political life began at the age of 24 when he was elected to the State Legislature, and four years later he was a member of the Constitutional Convention, whose work in revising the fundamental law of the State was performed with signal ability and wisdom. He was for many years engaged in banking, in which he was successful, and he rendered valuable services to the Government as its financial agent in London for a considerable time. He also was for several years a member of the New Jersey Board of Assessors, and in that capacity rendered very complete and instructive reports on the subject of taxation. He was a man of genial manners, kind disposition and warm sympathies. His conversation was extremely interesting, abounding in reminiscences of travel and of personal intercourse with the great men of a past generation. The community has lost in him a highly honored and a most useful member.

THE RIGHT REVEREND MICHAEL JOSEPH O'FARRELL, Roman Catholic Bishop of Trenton, died at his episcopal residence on Monday, April 2d, after a brief illness. The funeral services were held in the Cathedral Church of St. Mary's, on Thursday the 5th of April, and were largely attended by the clergy and by prominent citizens of every form of religious faith. The deceased prelate was distinguished by an amiable temper which showed itself in his uniform charity and courtesy even to his enemies, (if indeed he had such) in his fondness for children and in his daily intercourse with those about him.

He was also distinguished for his extensive and profound learning, especially in the history and doctrines of his church, and in every branch of knowledge pertaining to his native country, Ireland.

His library is said to be one of the finest in the State.

The interment was at St. Mary's Cemetery, and the vast concourse that lined the streets to pay the last tribute to his memory was an evidence of the respect and affection which a good man leaves in the hearts of those who survive him.

SCHOOL REPORTS.

THE report of the New York Institution is a handsome and quite a bulky volume, containing much that is of interest. This venerable institution celebrated its seventy-fifth anniversary last May with exercises of a very interesting nature. Perhaps the most remarkable feature of the celebration was the presence of the first pupil received into the school in 1818. Mrs. Mary E. Totten, the lady in question, is still living, in the enjoyment of good health and of all her faculties. From what we hear of improvements in progress at this school, the next annual report may have much to record as having been accomplished during the present year.

THE Le Conteux St. Mary's Institute, at Buffalo, N. Y., reports 127 pupils in actual attendance on September, 30th, 1893. The pupils of this school have had unusual opportunities to acquire the art of printing practically, as the work of a regular periodical has been done by them, a full outfit of type, presses, etc., being furnished by the publishers. A blind and deaf boy, John Clarence Selby, taught at this school has made, under the circumstances, remarkable progress. The standing of the school reflects great credit on the devoted Sisters of St. Joseph by whom it is carried on.

THE Report of the Mount Airy Institution gives the results of the first year's work in its new, spacious, elegant and admirably planned home. The volume is one that can not be satisfactorily reviewed in a notice of a few lines. A very interesting feature of the work at Mount Airy is the development of the oral and the manual method, side by side. Under perfectly fair and conspicuously able management, the result so far has been the steady growth of the oral method at the expense of the manual. Whether or not this growth has reached its limit, or whether it will continue until the school becomes purely oral, time will show.

The management of the institution, considering what it supplies to the pupils, is extremely economical. Every need of the child has been carefully studied and liberally provided for.

Though one of our oldest, it is also one of our most energetic and progressive schools.

THE Indiana Institution reports an attendance of 287 on the last day of the school year, October 31st, 1893.

The health record of the year is remarkably good and the account given of the work accomplished and of the methods used is instructive and satisfactory. The school has one of the largest libraries to be found in similar institutions, being valued at \$4,923.50.

LOCAL NEWS.

Happy and content is a home with "The Rochester," a lamp with the light of the morning. Catalogues, write Rochester Lamp Co., New York.

—As we go to press the advance guard of the electric railway army is digging in front of our grounds. More power to their elbows!

—Miss Ruth, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jenkins, is expected back from Switzerland some time next month. All who know her here will be glad to see her again.

—At the Microscopical exhibition, held at the Y. M. C. A. recently, Prof. Lloyd had his instrument set revealing a very small insect which lives in flowers. Some of the pupils and teachers went to see it.

—The father of Miss Burford died in New York City March 16th. He was pastor of the Church of the Intercession on Washington Heights. All who knew Miss Burford here sympathize with her in her bereavement.

—Mr. Jenkins has been showing, as a curiosity, a photograph of an old deed given by one of his ancestors in 1691. The photograph shows very clearly the lines of still older writing which had been cleaned off to allow the deed to be written on the parchment. Now the curious thing is that this old writing can not be seen at all by examining the parchment itself, but the photograph brings it out.

—Dr. Quackenbos is quite an accomplished sportsman. Since the opening of the shooting season he has taken advantage of Saturday's leisure to make excursions in Search of game, in which he has been very successful. His skill with the gun has been proved by his bagging a good number of snipe, the most puzzling of all game birds to the marksman, and by his winning at a clay-pigeon shoot of the Gun Club of this city.

He has been successful not only in bringing down "the game of fur and of feather," but in discovering a species of game unknown to the classification of the French sportsman, the game, as we may say, of shell, to wit the terrapin. Where the haunt of the delicious diamond-back is, you may "ask of the man in the moon," for the Doctor very sensibly keeps his secret.

—The first of April did not bring many fish to the hook of the practical joker. The Principal of this school made himself the victim of one of the best hoaxes of the season. He had written during the winter to a friend in his native place, asking him to send, at the first starting of Spring, some cuttings from a rose-bush which he valued very highly for its associations. In the mail on April 1st, came a little roll directed to the principal which, when opened, proved to contain only a few little twigs. He thought it must be a joke on him for his fond-

ness for shrubs and flowers, so he threw the package into the waste-basket, with a laugh. In a few days he got a letter from his friend saying that he had been able to get only a few cuttings from that rose-bush, which he had sent and hoped they had come safely to hand!

—The sensation of the season, in the dramatic line, was the production of Palmer Cox's musical play "The Brownies in Fairyland," by a company of children from the schools of the city. Under the care of Miss Johnson, a teacher in the public schools, and with a very few lessons from Mr. Cox's representative, the little folks were able to give a performance with very few of the faults generally seen in amateur acting. The parts of the policeman by Master Howard Hanson of the Irishman and of the dude were admirably taken. Master Weston Jenkins did well as the Prince of the Brownie band. Besides the acting there were violin-playing, singing, skirt-dancing and gymnastics by the children all capably done. The Y. M. C. A. must have made a handsome sum by the three performances, as the house was packed at each rendering of the play.

—The pupils of this school who attend the Hamilton Avenue Methodist Sunday School, gave an entertainment at the church Friday the 20th, to which an admission fee of fifteen cents was charged. The affair was very successful, more tickets being sold than there are seats in the house. The programme included sign recitations, tableaux, finger spelling and spoken recitations by the deaf children, besides music vocal and instrumental, by hearing friends. Great credit it is due to Mrs. Addis Bice, the superintendent of the deaf-mute branch of the Sunday School, to Mrs. Maddock and the other ladies who assisted in the preparations. After the exercises the children were treated to cake (delicious it was, too) and lemonade by the ladies of the church. The money taken in will go to buy a stained glass window for the new church. It will have a picture of Jesus making the deaf man to hear with the word "Ephphatha!" "Be opened!"

—The Joint Committee of the Legislature on this school, of which our Senator Skirm is the Chairman, paid us a visit on the afternoon of the 26th, accompanied by a number of their

friends. The party numbered about fifty. On their arrival they were taken through the school-rooms and the printing-office. They found so much interest in the work of instruction that it was with difficulty that they could be induced to leave the school-rooms for the lunch table, which was spread with a fine collation, entirely of home preparation. However, they did ample justice to the fare and they were ready to allow that this school has the most capable Matron and Steward of any institution they knew. They visited the hospital and other parts of the building and left with kind words in regard to the work done by the officers, teachers and employees of the school.

—Trenton streets have been the scene of more than usual activity, and of vigorous though bloodless warfare, the past month. The extension of the electric line through West State Street has been vigorously opposed by a few of the residents on that thoroughfare by all sorts of legal warfare. The President of the Company attacked on evening of April 4th, according to maxims, like the gallant Colonel that he is. A large force was massed, unknown to the enemy and under cover of the darkness and a heavy column was pushed into his encampment. Material for construction was transported by heavy trains and as if by magic the poles and wires swung into place. The besieged soon took the alarm and, under the command of a lady very prominent in social circles, made gallant efforts to check the work of the invaders. The brawny Italians succeeded in doing their share of the work but the generalship of the sagacious dame in promptly getting a writ from a Supreme Court judge, blocked the game of the road. There is the structure but the invisible yet mighty arm of the law prevents the electric cars from using it. "But the end is not yet."

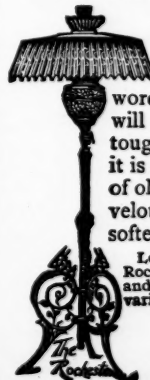
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"The Rochester."



THE SCHOOL ROOM.

All articles relating to school-room work will come under this head. This department is conducted by ROWLAND B. LLOYD, A.B., to whom all articles on kindred subjects should be addressed.

The first four exercises on this page, and similar ones not shown, are produced in the following manner. The teacher selects some object, shows it to the class and invites each pupil to tell him something about it. If the language is faulty, the teacher corrects it or substitutes a better expression, and when their thoughts begin to lag, he gives them a few statements of his own, and introduces a new word or phrase where practicable. As soon as the pupil has put his thought into correct language every child writes it on his slate, and for each correctly written sentence he receives five cents in toy money, but the one who first spells the thought in correct English receives in addition, fifty cents in toy money. This method of rewarding makes them exceedingly careful, for they are eager to get all the money they can. About ten minutes before the close of school, they are told to count their money and write the sum on their slates, and in this way nearly all the little children in the class have learned to count by fives and tens. All the statements in these exercises are the thoughts of the pupils, but certain words, as *strip of brass, graduated and varnished* were supplied by the teacher. Such work keeps the children thinking and they like it.

R. B. L.

A RULE.

It is a ruler. It is made of wood. It is yellow. It is light. It is one foot long. It is about one inch wide. It is clean. It is for ruling. It is graduated. It is for measuring. It has a strip of brass on it. It has a groove in it. It is varnished. It is not very strong. I can break it. You put it on the table.

A BOOK.

It is a book. It is brown. It is thin. It is light. It is worn. It is soiled. It is about six inches long. It is about four inches wide. It has 222 pages. It is Maggie's.

A BOTTLE.

It is a bottle. It is made of glass. It is round. It is a tall bottle. It is for holding water. It is brown. It is strong. It has a label on it. There is water in it. There was ink in it. It is on the table. It is not heavy. It will break. Walter broke a bottle.

A CRAYON.

It is a crayon. It is white. It is round. It is for writing on a slate. It is made of chalk. It is useful. It is about three inches long. It is small. It is light. It is not strong. You took it out of a box.

Questions Papers.

I.

1. Are you well?
2. Can you jump the rope?
3. Do you want to go home?
4. Did you take a walk yesterday?
5. Have you a cat at home?

6. How many fingers have you?
7. How do you do?

II.

1. Is it cold?
2. What is your father's name?
3. Where do you live?
4. Where is the sponge?
5. Who sits with you?
6. Who is it?
7. What do you want?

III.

1. Are you going to leave school in June?
2. At what age did you become deaf?
3. What made you deaf?
4. How long have you been deaf?
5. Can you hear any?
6. Have you any deaf relatives?
7. What school are you attending?

IV.

1. Is your appetite good?
2. How do you feel to-day?
3. Is your digestion good?
4. Do you want a dose of castor-oil?
5. How big is a dose of castor-oil?
6. What is castor oil good for?
7. What is the matter with you?

The Farm yard.

(What I see in the Picture.)

A colt is standing by the horse.

A man is harnessing the horse.

A woman is feeding some chickens. She has the feed in her apron. She has a handkerchief on her head. Her arms are bare.

A man has a lamb. A little girl is feeding the lamb. An ewe is standing by the man. The little girl has some grass in her hand.

A big dog is lying on the ground. He is chained to his kennel.

Two ducks are swimming. A duck is flapping her wings. A goose is hissing.

There is a stork's nest on the barn. A stork is standing on the nest. There are little storks in the nest. A big stork is bringing a frog in its bill.

A man is standing in the gate. He has a flower pot in one hand and a hoe in the other hand.

There are some pigeons on the barn. There are five bee-hives in a shed. A bird is standing on a pail. A bird is standing on the feed trough.

Filling Blanks.

1. Are you—?
2. Are your—?
3. Are any—?
4. Are they—?
5. At what time—?
6. At what number—?
7. Can you—?
8. Can he—?
9. Can your—?
10. Do you—?
11. Do they—?
12. Do your—?
13. Does your—?
14. Did you—?
15. Did they—?
16. Did the—?
17. How are—?
18. How do—?
19. How does—?
20. How did—?

Rewrite the following sentences, using *intelligence* for *intelligent*, *wisdom* for *wise*, *beauty* for *beautiful*.

ful, depth for deep, brilliancy for brilliant and height for high.

1. Annie is a very intelligent girl.
2. Solomon was a very wise man.
3. Mrs. B. is a beautiful woman.
4. Some lakes are very deep.
5. The diamond is a very brilliant stone.
6. Mt. Washington is not very high.

History.

I.

1. Show how you would have kindled a fire for your mother 100 years ago.

If I asked my mother for the matches, she would not know what I meant because there were no matches in the olden times. So I kindled fire with a piece of flint and a piece of steel by striking them on each other and the sparks would by and by set fire to a strip of linen.

2. Describe the old fashioned school-house.

It was usually made of logs. It had only one small-room, which was partly warmed by a big wood stove. The desks and benches were of cheap boards.

3. Give an account of the schools. The schools opened at seven or eight o'clock in the morning. The pupils had a short recess at noon and the school closed at 5 or 6 o'clock in the evening. There was school on Saturday. c. c.

II.

1. Illustrate the difference between traveling in the olden time and the present.

We can enter a railroad car and go on board a steamboat now and travel thirty to fifty miles an hour. They rode in stage coaches in those days.

2. Contrast the postal facilities of those days and the present.

If we wanted to send a letter to a friend, it was taken in the old fashioned coach in those days. If we want to send it to-day, it is taken in a railroad car.

3. How were the houses heated? They were heated by fire places where they burned big logs. R. E.

III.

1. What territory was purchased during Jefferson's administration? It was Louisiana which was bought from France.

2. How large was Louisiana at that time?

It extended from the Gulf of Mexico to Canada and from the Mississippi River to the Rocky Mountains.

3. What was the price paid and what secured?

The price paid was fifteen million dollars and by this purchase the United States secured full control of the Mississippi River. c. h.

A Picture of a Pig.

This is a pig. He has four feet. He is covered with bristles. He has a short tail. His ears are small. His legs are short. He is black. He is fat. He is dirty. He eats swill. He drinks water. He can run.

A Picture of a Cow.

She is covered with hair. She is nice. She has horns on her head.

She is black. She eats grass and hay. She has a long tail. She gives milk. I can milk a cow. I have a cow at home. I make butter. I like to drink milk.

Arithmetic.

I bought a horse for \$147, on Oct. 3, 1889, and gave in payment my note at 7%. On June 13, 1890, I sold the horse for \$155 and took up the note. How much did I gain?

SOLUTION.

yr.	mo.	da.
1890	6	13
1889	10	3
8		10.

250 days = $\frac{25}{36}$ of a year.

147	\$147.00
.07	7.14
\$10.29	\$154.14
25	

5145	
2058	

36)257.25(7.14
252

52	
36	\$155.00
165	154.14
144	

.86 gain.
21

You borrowed \$900 on a note for 90 days at 6 per cent. At the end of the time you made a new note, including in it the interest then due. What was the face of the note? Write the new note.

SOLUTION.

\$900
.06
4)\$54.00
13.50
900.
\$913.50

NOTE.

Trenton, N. J., April 4, 1894.

Ninety days after date, I promise to pay Matthew Logan, or order, nine hundred thirteen and $\frac{50}{100}$ dollars, with interest at 6 per cent. Value received.

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TEACHERS' MEETING.

The March Teachers' Meeting was postponed for one week from the regular day, and so was held on Friday April 6th.

The subjects for discussion were:

1. How should mistakes be corrected?
2. How rapidly should new words and language forms be introduced in the teaching of a first year class?

Miss Bunting said that when a pupil continued to misspell a word after the mistake had been pointed out, she had the pupil write the word correctly perhaps twenty-five times. She had succeeded in reforming some very careless spellers in this way.

She sometimes corrected mistakes in the order of words in a sentence by numbering the words in the order in which they should be written, then erasing and making the pupil rewrite the sentence. With pupils who are far enough advanced, she thought it a good plan to ask questions which will lead them to think and to correct the mistakes themselves.

For instance a pupil wrote: "A policeman defended a drunkard from a lady." The teacher would ask: "Was the drunkard afraid of the lady?" "Did the policeman strike the lady with his club?" etc., to bring out the relations of the words to each other.

Miss Edith Brown said that her practice was, with her first year class, to tell the pupil that he had made a mistake and to let him try to find it; if he could not, then to point it out for him.

Miss Christmas had her pupils write correctly on the black-board all words that have been incorrectly spelled.

Miss Edith Brown spoke of colored pencils and crayons as being convenient to use in marking mistakes.

Mrs. Ervin said that she had found much benefit from numbering the words in a sentence when the pupil had transposed them, and causing the correct form of the sentence to be written several times.

Dr. Quackenbos mentioned the misuse of the word *very* as a frequent mistake and one hard to root out. Pupils write not only "very pleased," "very disappointed," but "very lady," "a very friend." These expressions are quite correct in the Spanish idiom, but make very bad English.

Mr. Jenkins thought all the methods mentioned by the different teachers were good. He had been glad to notice in watching the work in the class-rooms an absence of the old stereotyped form—it is a form and nothing more—of the teacher's plodding through page after page of the pupil's writing and handing it back scratched and starred and interlined, for the pupil to gape at, perhaps to scowl at and then to drop in disgust. Don't merely give your pupil the

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information that the way he has written the sentence is wrong and that another way is right. Make him find out, if he can, how and why his form is wrong. If the mistake is in mechanical execution rather than in reasoning, make the correct execution easy to him by repetition.

The second question was then taken up. Mrs. Ervin thought it better to drill on one form of language until the pupils are thoroughly familiar with it than to introduce a variety of forms. For instance, if you teach the form "I put the book on the table" and "I took the book off the table," keep the pupils on *put on* and *take off* until they have the formulas thoroughly before giving on to other forms. In this way, what the pupils do learn they would be able to use accurately.

Miss Bunting thought it would weary the children to keep them long on one form of words. She thought that several prepositions might be taught together, as the change of relations indicated by *in*, *on*, *under*, *over*, *behind*, *near*, would give variety and thus both avoid fatigue and make the thought clearer in the child's mind than if only one were used.

Miss Florence Brown thought that comparison is necessary to learning anything. At the same time, she thought that diligent practice on the form already taught is of the greatest importance.

Mr. Jenkins said that in a sense it is true that it is easier to learn two things than to learn one. That is, it is easier to learn a number of things which we can connect with each other and with things which we already know, than to learn one new, bald, disconnected fact. For this reason we should bring in together contrasted qualities and relations. Again, we want to make language a natural form of expression for our pupils' thoughts—hence we must teach the simplest forms for the expression of their various feelings and experiences. Still, it is very important that the most common and simple forms be thoroughly taught by frequent repetition.

The column system, introduced this year, he found very useful. First year pupils drilled on this system had thus got what is virtually the analysis of the simple sentence with absolute accuracy.

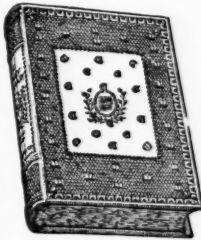
Mr. Jenkins explained to the teachers the purpose of having library books in the several class-rooms, and urged the importance of the teachers' guiding and stimulating the pupils in their reading.

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OUR NEW YORK LETTER.

Gymnastics and Physical Training—The Fortune and Misfortune of Deafness—An International Union of Deaf-Mutes—Woman Suffrage—No Alumni Gathering?—Notice to Personal Gossipers—What the Quadites Intend Doing and Other Jottings.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

[Subscriptions to the SILENT WORKER may be sent to Robert E. Maynard, 20 Terrace Place, Yonkers, N. Y. He will also supply other information relative to the paper upon application.]

Now that the New York Institution pupils have a gymnasium, a much more energetic and competent lot of youngsters may be looked for and an advancement in physique and athletics. But, after all, a month's exercise in the open air is equal to a period of one year in the gymnasium as regards the benefits derived.

This gymnasium, which is on the top floor of the School Building, will no doubt prove beneficial in a great degree to the pupils. This institution possesses a number of girls who would improve wonderfully under a system of training. The short time allotted them in the open air causes a deficiency in physique that could be readily made up in the gymnasium. The fair sex, if they are allowed a proportion of every other day in this gymnasium, will have no cause to regret the time spent therein when they graduate. Remember that "health is better than wealth."

As the bosom of the earth blooms again and again, having buried out of sight the dead leaves of Autumn, and the flowering plants, shrubs and trees emit a pleasant fragrance; so does the heart, in spite of all melancholy, feel a renewed spring.

The other day we read of a gentleman who was driven to death because he could not stand the hum of a buzz saw; and of another still because of the sound of a sledge hammer on an anvil near his residence. What a pity the deaf of to-day are clamoring to regain this lost sense while others prefer death to it. Fortunate, indeed, are those whose aural nerves are normal; unfortunate, indeed, is he who has lost his hearing; infinitely to be pitied is he whose hearing is over-sensitive! We could hear once ourselves the great noise of busy New York; the sublime stillness of the woods and country, now and then broken by the crow's call; the murmur of the brooks and gentle sighing of the wind, the morning and evening notes of the songsters. Compare the latter to the noise of New York. It's a wonder a greater proportion of those who live and toil in New York have not defective hearing.

Flowers are the sweetest things that were ever created and which are minus souls.

If Spring came but once in a century, instead of once a year, or burst forth with the sound of an earthquake, and not in silence, what wonder and expectation there would be in all hearts to behold the miraculous change! But now the silent succession suggests nothing, but necessity. It's like the deaf-mute, who in the midst of revelry or silence, is ever the same quiet individual. He bounds into jollity with no shout, no song, no anticipations. Ah, if but a reversal could be wrought and we could behold a miraculous change!

Look out for the Press Club. Its coming sure!

We read not long since of a young lady in Ithaca, N. Y., who slept continually for sixty days. It would appear to us that the deaf have been dethroned. Deaf to every noise or intrusion, the deaf should sleep on for a year. A young mute, who found it difficult to be at business punctually mornings because he couldn't hear the clock strike, bells toll or whistles blow at the usual hour, married a hearing lady. Yet this very same deaf-mute had longed for years to proffer his heart to an intelligent young deaf lady.

"To the deaf, for the deaf and by the deaf." Our conventions are run impartially; our national and State Associations the same. What concerns the deaf should be approved by the deaf. We, as a class, should not be like dumb driven cattle. Rise up and resist that power which will trample upon our rights. Consider not your present welfare, but that of those to come. When our hearing brother finds his views do not meet with the favor of the deaf, he will seek to have the legislature pass certain laws. Again, the deaf are being deprived of a vocation they have filled successfully for years—that of teaching the deaf. What is the use of maintaining a college in Washington, D. C., for the higher education of the deaf-mute, that they may be enabled to qualify as teachers, if, upon graduation, the students will not be required to teach in our institutions.

Why not organize an International Union of Deaf-Mutes or something to that effect, which will enroll on its membership the name of every deaf-mute organization in the country and the names of members thereof,—subordinate bodies. A consolidation of societies to lend their influence in aiding special causes of the deaf and to have annulled any and all laws obnoxious to their welfare that may be generated. The sun is a central body round which all the planets revolve, from which they receive all and every benefit; why not make a great central body of our deaf-mute clubs, church societies, etc., and thereby elevate their position and influence them to reach higher vocations. It can be done and there is nothing impossible. We've been asleep too long and start this as a forerunner.

The "hour" is at hand. Where is the man?

We were rather surprised to learn that a club of athletic young fellows are in sound and fine trim four days after physical training had been introduced. This is a record breaker. Training began on Monday and in Thursday's *Journal* we saw that item. What other athletic club can equal this? We hope the athletes have not been "dosed," for it's well nigh impossible to be in fine condition four days after beginning to train.

The all absorbing topic to-day is the Woman's Suffrage question. Have you been asked to sign a petition in favor of equal rights? Are you aware that our women population want the word *male* stricken out of legislation? It is a sign of too rapid progress. The home is the place of woman. Her highest vocation is in the home to teach her children all that is good and true: Why should they seek to

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enter the domain of man? Can it be that the future woman is to be husband to the man?

Can it be that we are to believe a meeting of the Alumni of the New York School is to be take place the coming summer?

We can feel assured we have done our duty and suggested the subject a good long time in advance.

And we have not yet heard of a deaf-mute in Coxey's Commonweal Army!

We must herewith give notice that this column is not or never was open to personal warfare, though we have once been guilty, seeing our error after it was too late. The SILENT WORKER is a school paper and somewhat of a magazine, it circulates in the school-rooms of our institutions and elsewhere; therefore we deem it advisable to write only such items as will be appreciated by scholars, reserving other matter for the community at large. We lay claim to no platform, but uphold the truth, and truth only.

Several letters have appeared in the SILENT WORKER in regard to "Do the Deaf hear in Dreams." We can say that the various opinions as expressed by writers are correct and need but little addition. We could discourse on the subject at some length, but enough has been said. Should our note book become low we will try and remember the topic. So long as the semi-mute retains "remembrances of sounds" that are not real, they should be thankful that their condition is no worse and that they have been enabled to retain even that much.

The *National Exponent* is the right paper for the deaf. "Single method schools must go" it upholds with a vim. The face seems rather small, but if leaded out we could not ask for more. Its staff comprises the flower of mutedom, its news is spicy and varied, but it has been guilty of imitating the old established paper, the *Journal*. Not to be easy on it, there seems to be something the matter with the press, pressman or type. It would not hurt any body to ask if its face was not a second hand font?

Saturday, April 7th, the Fanwood Quad Club elected officers, as follows, with little or no opposition: President, Edwin A. Hodgson; Vice-President, Adolph Ekardt; Secretary, Robert E. Maynard; Thomas F. Fox, Treasurer; Executive Committee, John F. O'Brien, J. Newton Soper, M. Heyman. They will be installed on Saturday evening at the annual dinner at "The Arena" in New York City. An account of the installation with cut of program and menu will appear in another column as a special letter from our pen.

Watch the Quad Club baseball nine

give the Fanwoods a tussle. The Quadites are working men and have little or no time for practice. Still there will be a "game" and the printers are going to "pi" the Fanwoods into the reglet box. May 30th is set down for the game. To convince you that the Quadites mean business, just go up to the "Bailey grounds" and drop three nickels in the gate keeper's fist and see the machine play ball.

The daily paper of to-day is discarding caps to a great degree for time saving purposes only. Bro. Hodgson is right in upholding that the *Journal* force should learn according to style of book work and use caps which in other papers would be marked down. We are employed on a daily paper and had no trouble in making the change of style upon graduation from the *Journal* office. A daily paper is no specimen of the printer's art and our schools for the Deaf should not teach its apprentices the trade according to such a paper.

Last month my weather bulletin was tipsy. Say, I am no prophet, in fact I lied about the season and weather; my rheumatic feeling led me to believe the good weather had come to stay. I felt certain my freedom from pain was not a wrong omen, ventured to prophecy, got left, and have to apologize—see. Here in Yonkers we had nine inches of snow on April 11th and fine sleighing. I'll wade no more.

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INAUGURAL DINNER.

The Fanwood Quad Club Install Their New Officers—A "Feast of Reason and Flow of Soul."

The Inaugural Dinner of the Fanwood Quad Club took place on Saturday evening, April 21st, at "The Arena," 39 West 31st Street, between Broadway and Fifth Avenue. Ere it was 8 o'clock nearly every guest who found it convenient to be on hand had arrived and while the committee on dinner were hustling up the arrangements, the Quadites found pleasure in social converse in the spacious parlors. The Arena is a new addition to New York's swell hotels and its furnishings inside are first class. The frescoe work, reflections of plate glass, beautiful carvings and airs of refinement spoke well for the committee's choice, in the person of Mr. Charles J. LeClerc.

Covers to the number of about thirty-one were laid, each cover costing the guest \$2. It was just a little after eight when President Hodgson seated himself and the others followed suit. To describe what was on the table to see and to eat would take up much time and space, but to make a long story short we here present the menu:

MENU.

OYSTERS

Blue Points on Half Shell

RELISHES

Olives Celery Radishes

FISH

Broiled Pompano Maitre d'hotel Pommies de terre Duchesse

FIRST ENTREE

Filet de Boeuf Piquee aux Cepes Green Peas Artichokes Farcies

SECOND ENTREE

Petite Bouchees a la Reine

PUNCH AU KIRSH

ROAST

Brant Duck

SALADS

Celery and Escarole

Ice Cream Tutti Frutti Assorted Fruit Cheese

CAFE NOIR

True to their word, the members of the club came prepared to do the menu full justice and it was towards the last sip of *cafe* that the President spoke of the club's prosperity and fellowship amongst it. The new officers said a few words and the Privates had their say also. We present this as an example of the speeches that were made, some being quite clever and full of wit:

Mr. President and Fellow Members:—I feel a little scared like Henry Ward Beecher when the small boy asked him why the dickens he didn't run, and if it wasn't for my game legs, I believe I should escape, for I am unprepared to address you. I came here, prepared, not to speak, but to eat.

It is unnecessary for me to introduce to you my feelings of friendship. The welfare

of the club is always in my heart and it never falters. I thank you for the honor conferred. I am not a speech maker; others of you are more guilty of this "flow of soul." I am glad to be present on this occasion, for outside of finding myself at home with my fellow craftsmen, I am more so to find you all excellent diners and intelligent deaf-mutes. Epicurus did not know what a luxury had been omitted when he left out the "flow of soul." Strange, to-night we utilize our mouths not to speak that forbidden language but as receivers of good things. Our tongues are mute, but we, unconsciously, find our fingers tips enjoy it.

The "flow of soul" is like a stream of water. It flows silently and swiftly until a dam or cataract interrupts its course, adding beauty and splendor, but danger lingers in its wake. We have had to mend some dams in the club's stream that were essential to the health thereof and thereby press onward. It is pleasing to note the good

President Hodgson responded to the toast "The Fanwood Quad Club." His remarks were highly complimentary to the club and he spoke in his usual happy vein, in the course of which he said that from observation, and with his own eyes, that the Fanwood Quad Club was the greatest club of deaf-mutes in the world, and this took the assemblage by storm.

As First Vice-President, Adolph Ekardt dwelt on the efficiency, ability and scope of its members. "In the club's ranks can be found some of the foremost and prominent mutes in the world."

The new Secretary, Robert E. Maynard, said he felt it an honor to be, if Mr. Hodgson's words were true, the

machines. He also spoke on the need of a club house.

"Our Wives and Sweethearts" was ably responded to by Mr. A. Barnes. The advent of so many bald heads in the club suggested the matrimonial field had a bright outlook. "The women—God bless 'em." He hoped, ere another year had elapsed, to see many of our young members take unto themselves a partner. "Split the quad in halves to em spaces." To the married ones he hoped their wedded bliss would continue long.

The members then indulged in "chestnuts" and a good many excellent one were cracked.

C. J. LeClerc acted as toastmaster in a creditable manner.

T. I. Lounsbury nearly split the sides of the members in response to the toast, "Old School Days," and J. Lloyd, Jr., propounding on a philosophic subject, suddenly stopped—"They're off," he said.

The officers installed at the dinner were: E. A. Hodgson, President; A. Ekardt, Vice-President; Robert E. Maynard, Secretary; Thomas F. Fox, Treasurer; J. F. O'Brien, I. N. Soper, M. Heyman, Executive Committee.

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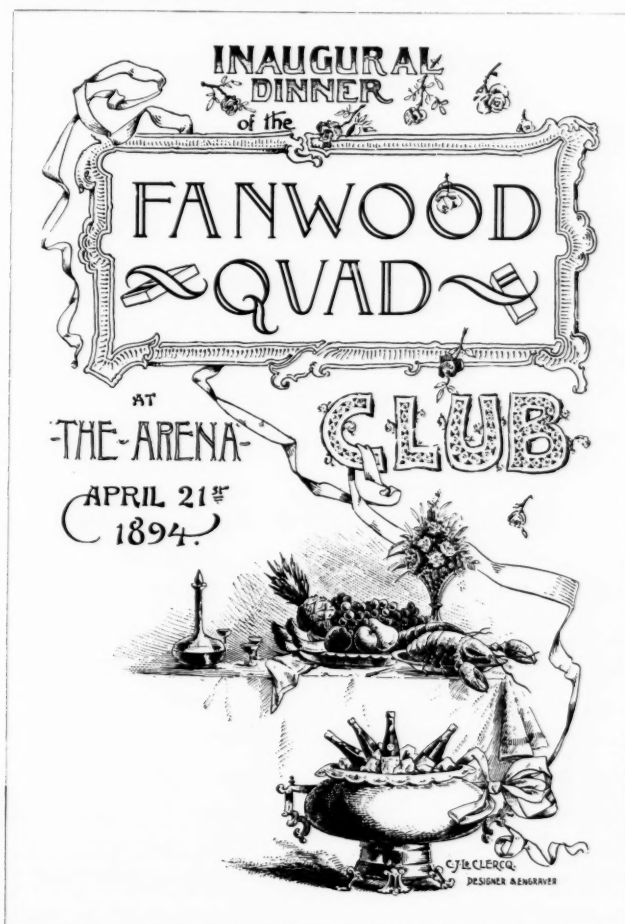
Too High Pressure.

In these days of keen competition in every line, when the business man is compelled to bend his intellect and every energy to the success of his business; the clerk, book-keeper, professional man and laborer, to drive themselves at a terrific rate, there can be but one result—an explosion, which if not resulting in immediate death, leaves them with shattered brains and bodies. They are running at too high pressure. The strain is too great. Something must and does give way. This is equally true of women. Though their sphere is more circumscribed, they have their daily burdens, frets and worries, and the results are the same as with their stronger companions.

This condition is growing worse every day. The rapidity of its increase is awful to contemplate. Our homes, hospitals, and insane asylums are full of these unfortunates, and are being crowded still further. There is but one solution of the matter. Recognize the importance of the situation at once, and take the necessary measures to overcome it. If you have failing memory, hot flashes, dizziness, nervous or sick headache, biliousness, irritability, melancholy, sleeplessness, fainting, nervous dyspepsia, epilepsy etc., know that any one of them is but a symptom of the calamity that may befall you and even though you have used so-called remedies and treated with reputable physicians with little or no benefit, give Dr. Miles' Restorative Nerve a trial. It is the only remedy that may be depended upon for nervous disorders.

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feeling in the club's ranks during the year. The increased business ability of the club is evidenced by the increased membership and savings fund shares.

The club has firmly rooted its trunk and has expanded, its branches thickened and the twigs, representing the scope and ability, are green. The leaves have unfolded and each year we find additional new leaves. Underneath is the cool shade, a final resting place for those members who are unable to ward off the gentle call of their Maker. Our health has been exceptionally good; none of us wear the band of crape. The "trying times" have affected a few, but we find no one in actual want.

Our senior and junior members have spoken in turn. The sage seniors; the grave juniors, made an impression. The "sophs" took such as a joke and the "freshies" thought the whole crowd too fresh.

The other toasts and speeches were many. We give here a brief outline on subjects taken:—

wielder of the pen for the greatest organization of deaf-mutes. Rob was quite scared at being asked to make a few remarks and would have escaped if his legs were not so brave. He came prepared, not to make a speech, but to dine.

Treasurer Fox dwelt at length on various topics, principal of which was his remarks on the poor deaf as being his brothers and friends, and therefore to be poor was not necessarily a sin but oftentimes a virtue.

J. F. O'Brien responded to the toast "Knights of the Stick and Rule." He encouraged the members not to be discouraged at the present outlook for machines, but to take heart at the future in store. Time changes everything and we can hope for the better. Rome was a magnificent city once—to-day it is a mass of ruins, so with

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 clerk of the county, or the chosen free
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